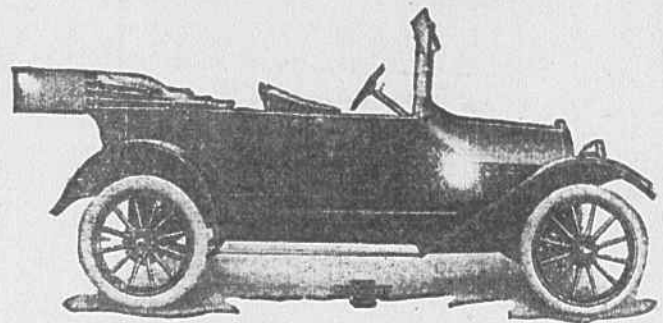




\$490 Complete With Electric Lights and Starter



The way they have been going it will pay you to look them over and ride in them now. You will have plenty of nice weather to ride. If you think not; look them over anyway and get your orders in for spring delivery, for unless your orders are in promptly at this season, we cannot assure you one when you would like it next spring.

There is nothing anywhere near like this car on the market at anywhere near its price. If you doubt this assertion, just read these specifications.

SPECIFICATIONS:

Electric lights and starter.
3 1/2-inch tires all around.
Non-skid Goodyear Tires all around.
A three-fourth floating rear axle, all weight being carried on the housing and not on the main axle shaft.
Three speeds forward and one reverse.
Stewart high grade speedometer.
Famous Chevrolet overhead valve motor.
Valve springs and stems run in a bath of oil.
Honeycomb type radiator.
10-inch brakes and both sets operate on the rear wheels (safety first).

A real steering gear (remember "real". Ask to see this. Patent pending.
Zenith improved double jet carburetor.
Cantilever springs all around and interchangeable.
Beautiful stream line body with deep cowl.
Wheel base 102 inches.
Foot accelerator with foot rest.
Deep upholstery.
Mohair tailored top. Top cover and side curtains, windshield, electric horn, complete tool equipment, pump, jack, etc.
Made by an eighty million dollar corporation.
REMEMBER THE PRICE IS ONLY \$490.00 COMPLETE.
We've told you—it's now up to you to see and ride in it.

RANSONE MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Traders Avenue, between 4th and 5th Streets.

FATHER FINDS SONS MISSING SIXTEEN YEARS

Last Saw Them as Children
Struggling in Waters of
Great Flood.

BARTLETT, Tex., Oct. 14.—W. M. Cehand, a farmer near Bartlett, was reunited a few days ago with his two sons, James and Rudolph, whom he had mourned as dead for sixteen years.

The Cehand family were living in Galveston at the time of the great storm which swept over that city in September, 1900. When the flood swept in from the Gulf struck their house it collapsed and the members of the family were cast into the torrent. Mr. Cehand managed to catch hold of a piece of wreckage and clung to it for several hours while he was dashed hither and thither, and he was finally flung up on the mainland several miles from the site of his wrecked home.

When his house went down Mr. Cehand caught a glimpse of his wife and two sons as the mountain of water swallowed them up. The two boys, then aged three and five years respectively, were holding each other in an embrace and Mrs. Cehand was endeavoring to reach them. That was the last he saw of any member of his family since that memorable day when they were torn apart in the raging storm. Until a few days ago his two sons, now grown to young manhood, alighted from the train at Bartlett.

Mr. Cehand made a long search after the storm to discover the fate of his wife and children; but he could obtain no trace of them and he finally gave them up as dead. It appears now that the two boys were swept to a point on the mainland remote from the spot where their father landed and were found by a party of rescuers and placed in the hands of the sisters of charity, who found them a home in a convent in a distant city. The older son, James, remembered his own name and that of his brother and it was this that led to their ultimate discovery by their father. After remaining a few years in the convent they were adopted by a family living in California.

Found in California.
The two boys were making their home in Sacramento, Calif., when one day a few weeks ago an old friend of the Cehand family, traveling through California, saw James in the street and perceived the family resemblance. He questioned James, who told him he was James Cehand.

The visitor then informed the boy that he thought a man named Cehand whom he knew in Texas, was probably his father. Upon returning to this state the family friend informed the older Cehand of his discovery. Letters were exchanged and the two young men came here and rejoined their father.

Leaves of the manaca palm, probably the commonest forest plant in Central America have a queer habit of trembling violently when no wind is stirring that the human faculties can detect.

LITTLE TALKS ON THRIFT

By S. W. STRAUS
President American Society for Thrift



Among those who are interested in the advancement of thrift in America it is pleasing to note that progress is being made. This was shown in the deposit in postal savings banks in August, which increased nearly \$5,000,000, the largest monthly gain since the system was established. On September 1st there was a total of 621,000 depositors who had accounts aggregating \$25,000,000—a splendid tribute to the growth of thrift in the country.

One of the chief causes of thriftlessness among Americans is false pride. Many men and women have the inclination to save money, but the desire to make an appearance of affluence or prosperity keeps them constantly in debt. To go in debt for luxuries is an exceedingly bad practice. It amounts to spending, unnecessarily, money not yet earned. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that people are judged somewhat by their clothes, and by their methods of livelihood. It is also unfortunate that the exactions of modern business, especially in the great cities, demand often that a man, in order to hold his own with his associates,

GIRL BRIDE MUST WAIT FIVE YEARS

While Husband of a Day Serves
Long Term in the Pen-
itentiary.

ST. CLOUD, Minn., Oct. 14.—Over in the town of Rice there's a little girl waiting all dressed up in "Sunday" clothes for a boy she doesn't expect to call around until four years and 364 days from last night. Yesterday she was Selma Gaumnitz; today she proudly signs the name of Mrs. Everett Hall, and it's Mr. Hall she is waiting for while he serves a five-year term at the state reformatory. "It was fine feathers" that led to Everett's downfall—"fine feathers" for Selma; and when the fall came, the boy didn't find himself deserted. The girl for whom he was found to have emptied many grips of fancy gowns at his post in a local depot stood by him even to become his wife on the eve of his departure to pay the penalty. Hall, a youth of 22, was a baggageman at the Great Northern depot in St. Cloud.

Worked Nights, and Worked Well.
He worked nights, and it develops

worked diligently. As time went on, during the new baggageman's tour of duty, the company began receiving claims for women's wearing apparel, alleged to have been stolen from grips. The claims gradually mounted to a total of \$900. Silk waists and gowns, hosiery and other fineries were numbered among the articles said to have disappeared.

Detectives were assigned to the case and while the officers placed their pussy-foot tactics, Everett and Selma glided unaware over the lady's rapidly growing wardrobe. At last the time arrived when trousseau and traveling gear appeared complete. All was in readiness for a trip to the preacher and one spectacular dash of a honeymoon.

Detectives on Watch.
The pair stopped at a hotel and Selma blossomed forth in the pick of her picked array. The railroad detectives had been watching for just this blossoming forth and Hall was arrested. The boy pleaded guilty to the charge. That night he was the guest of honor at a wedding supper in the Stearns county jail. His bride was not there, but gracing the board were eleven fellow prisoners, including two automobile thieves sentenced to Stillwater, a negro charged with assault with a dangerous weapon over the lady's rapid robber and a "hold-up" man.

Yesterday Selma checked off the first day of the five-year's wait.

AT 98, IS SURVIVOR OF SEVEN WIVES, WEDS AGAIN

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 14.—"Ever married before?" Justice Casimir J. Welch asked Jones Mitchell, Kansas City, Kan., an old negro, after he had obtained a marriage license at the

OF TWO "PALS," ONE FAMOUS, OTHER IN PEN

Jack London Was Hobo along
with Man, Who Later Turned
to Thievery.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 14.—Fifteen years ago two tramps became fast friends in a Memphis, Tenn., saloon. One of them was Jack London, the author, and the other Jerry Hogan, Sandusky horse thief and editorial writer for the Ohio penitentiary, weekly newspaper. Jerry talked about it today:

"We were pals, Jack and I. For fifteen years we hoboed together through the South. But he had ambition and I didn't—that's the whole story.

"The tramp life we led didn't kill his ambition. We both wrote articles and sold 'em fifty-fifty. Sometimes Jack signed his name to my articles and sometimes I signed my name to his—it didn't make any difference.

"But ambition for an education carried Jack back to South America and we parted as he was climbing on a boat at Pensacola, Fla. I haven't seen him from that day to this.

"Wish you were goin' along Jerry," he waved good-bye to me. "I feel I'm going to make good now on."

"And his dreams have come true. He went up the ladder while I went down. Today his name is famous and he writes for thousands. The only name I've got now is a number, and I write for a poor hundred or so convicts in the 'pen' paper here."

SAILORS HAVE GIRL'S PHOTO FOR MASCOT

Letter Written by "Big Swede"
to the Young Lady is
Quite Interesting.

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 5.—Kidnapped in a spirit and present only in the form of a newspaper print of her photograph, Miss Frances Mae Braid, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Braid, of Seattle, braved the dangers of the northern seas last summer, comforted fishermen in their weary daily drudge and like the good fairy, drew hundreds of floundering king-salmon into the nets of the waiting boatmen.

So was the startled miss informed this week in a letter from Tyree, Alaska.

courthouse.

"Oh, Lordy, yes! seven times," replied the negro.

He told the marriage license clerk he was 98 years old. Justice Welch married him to Hattie Glass, 44, Kansas City, Kan., and they went back to that city.

ka. Written in a neat, legible hand in poor English and signed "Big Swede" the epistle unfolded to the Seattle girl her wonderful feats of the summer.

Becomes the Ship's Mascot.

Each year, the unidentified acquaintance told Miss Braid, fishermen of Alaska cut the picture of some pretty girl from the latest edition of the Seattle papers before sailing time. They post it in a conspicuous place in the cabin. This girl becomes the mascot—the guardian angel, as it were—of the vessel. When a big catch is landed, the pretty mascot is fairly worshipped by the gruff, hardened mariners of the frigid north. When the catch is small they know they have displeased her and make many steps to amend it. But night and day during the trip she is the inspiration, the spiritual guide of their actions.

This year the honor fell to Miss Braid. A picture of this pretty Seattle girl was inserted in the paper in honor of her sixteenth birthday. A copy of the paper reached the hands of the Alaska fishermen and immediately

Miss Braid was "kidnapped"—by printed proxy—and ceremoniously installed as queen of the 1916 catch.

With the young woman's permission the letter from "Big Swede" is printed.

The Fisherman's Letter.

"I am very sorry today, because you must leave my boat and me. The weather here is getting too cold for you here and you are better off in Seattle. We Alaska boys every summer cut a picture of some pretty Seattle girl from the paper and take it aboard for luck. And this year you have certainly showered good luck upon me. The best catch I got was eighty-three salmon on a spoon hook and some of them weighed from sixty-five to seventy pounds and you kept me real busy that day.

"You were a little seasick at the time though, and so you were not able to help me pull the fish aboard. But later on you were all right again and I guess you would be a good sailor after a while.

"This is a little joke, of course, and you will please take it as such. If you

WATCH IN ONE FAMILY 116 YEARS STILL WORKS

DANVILLE, Ill., Oct. 14.—Claud M. Campbell, of this city, has a watch that has been in the family for 116 years. It was purchased in London by Eba Campbell, great grandfather of the present owner, in 1800. It still keeps good time.

KANSAS OWNS 200 HOUNDS HE VALUES AT \$100 EACH

HIAWATHA, Kas., Oct. 14.—There is a man in Brown county who owns twenty hounds which he values at \$100 each. Not only that, but he insists on paying personal property taxes on that valuation in addition to the regular dog tax.

would like to have some nice big bird eggs I found this summer. I send them to you. Best regards, Alaska and me.

"BIG SWEDE (H. Lem)."

Cuppet Bros.

819 West Pike Street.

Bell 1470-J.

Con. 170

Offer you some decided savings in the purchase of an automobile. Look these over.

Maxwell Touring Car, New,
never used \$555.00
Maxwell Roadster, New,
never used \$535.00
Maxwell Demonstrator, Good
as New \$425.00
Haynes Five Pass., Slightly
Used \$1300.00

Take advantage of this opportunity to buy a car at a great saving. You'll probably not have such an opportunity soon again.